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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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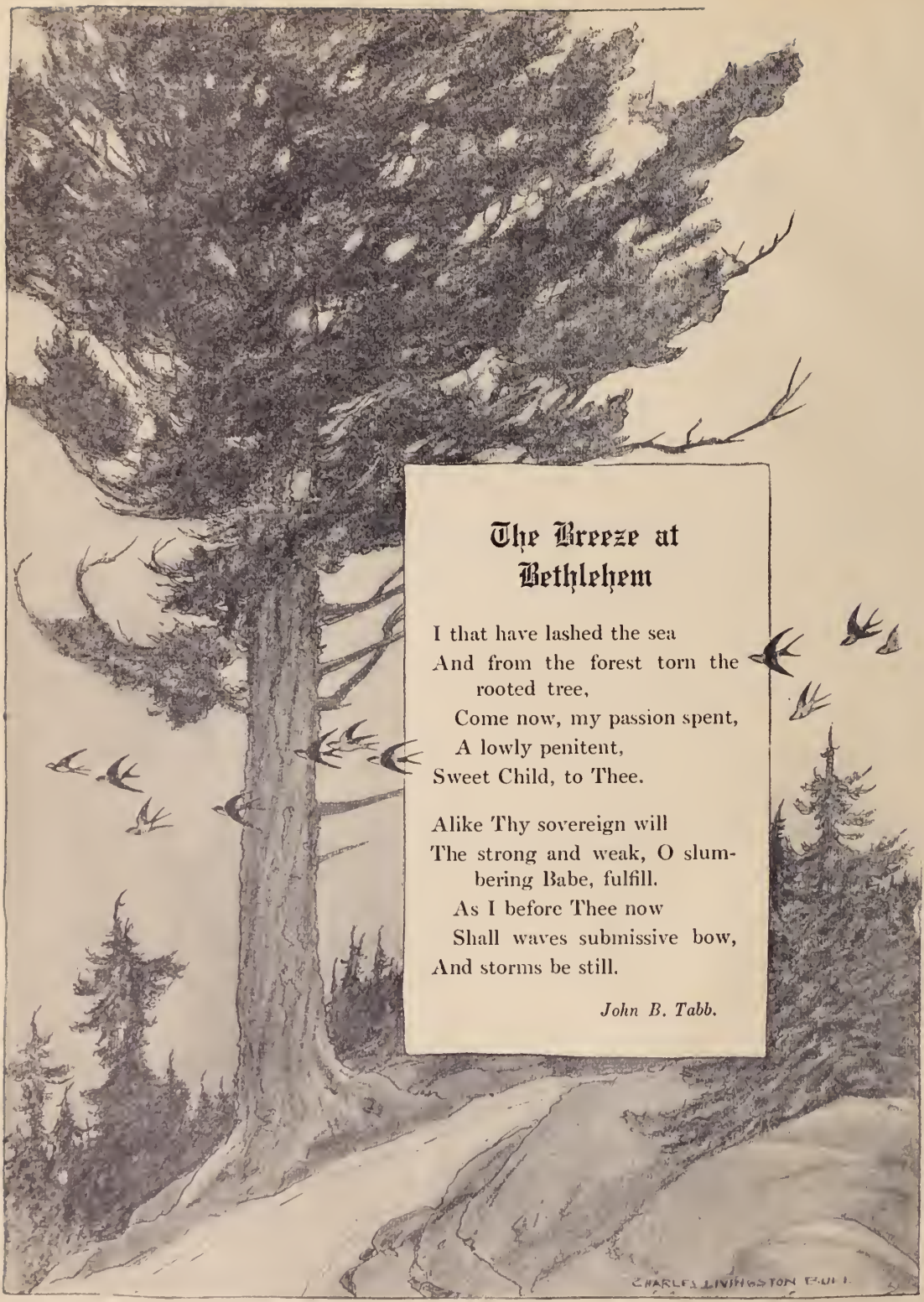

The Breeze at Bethlehem

I that have lashed the sea
And from the forest torn the rooted tree,
Come now, my passion spent,
A lowly penitent,
Sweet Child, to Thee.

Alike Thy sovereign will
The strong and weak, O slumbering Babe, fulfill.
As I before Thee now
Shall waves submissive bow,
And storms be still.

John B. Tabb.

Drawing by Charles Livingstone Bull. Kindly loaned by *Boy's Life*.

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WOMAN'S WORK

A Foreign Missions Magazine

Published by the WOMEN'S BOARDS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Mrs. Henry R. Elliot, Editor

VOL. XXIX. MAY, 1914 No. 5.

AGAIN WOMAN'S WORK comes to the end of its fiscal year with joyful pride in making an offering towards the progress of the great work of which we are a part. That steadily mounting "cost of living" hits magazines just as hard as it does private bill-payers, so it is only by unrelenting watchfulness over every detail of outgo that we are able to meet all our expenses and declare a dividend! We strictly obey the apostolic injunction to "owe no man anything;" every obligation has been met and we offer to the Assembly's Board a gift of six hundred dollars. The Committee decided that instead of assigning this to a specific object it should be given unconditionally to the Board to be used according to its judgment, preferably for some work for women.

THE question might naturally be asked, what one factor has contributed most largely towards this desirable state of affairs? The unhesitating answer of the Editor would be "Our Secretaries of Literature." We have no appropriations from the Boards whom we represent and no receipts from advertisements. Every one of our large expenses for producing, manufacturing and circulating the magazine must be met by getting together a sufficient number of half-dollars! These must buy paper by the ton and ink by the pound; must have engraving and printing done, magazines bound, wrapped, addressed and mailed; must pay for articles, circulars, posters, salaries and a multitude of minor office expenses, and meet the substantial item incurred in sending free copies, with foreign postage, to about six hundred and fifty missionaries. These accounts come in month by month as regularly as "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat." Month by month our Treasurer is able to meet each one, to balance her books showing every account settled. The shadow of a dun never darkens her door, *because* day by day on her desk is laid a pile of letters, some containing individual subscriptions but most containing checks, money-orders or notes, with lists of subscribers, sent by secretaries. Back of every name on every list is interest, thought and effort. Calls are made; telephone receivers are taken down; notes and postals are written; long stays are made after long meetings; the flying feet of the indifferent woman endeavoring to escape are intercepted, all to secure a new subscriber or renew an old one. She makes the acquaintance of the woman who never did believe in foreign missions; the one who used to take the magazine but always threw it in the wastebasket; the other who hopes to subscribe next year; most numerous of all, those who have more magazines now than they have time to read. She welcomes too the fifty cents of the woman who loves the magazine and will never be without it. She is undaunted, undiscouraged, indomitable. She holds on and holds out. We are proud of her and deeply and constantly grateful to her—our loyal and valued Secretary of Literature!

DR. EDNA ORCUTT'S sudden and early death is a keenly felt loss to the West Persia Mission. She had begun her medical work with such vigor and earnestness and the need for it was so acute! She was intensely anxious for a hospital building and for a trained nurse. A recent letter received by friends from Dr. Orcutt closed with the appeal: "Pray, pray for my work among the women of Persia, that I may lead them

out of darkness into light, and to the greatest of all Physicians."

THE CHURCH all over the world; the Assembly's Board; WOMAN'S WORK, to which he had contributed and in which he had a constant interest; many causes of public and private value to the world's progress; most of all, a devoted family, are all alike bereaved by the sudden going home of the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. On the afternoon of March thirtieth in the Assembly Room of the Presbyterian Building, where he had so often sat in council and bowed in prayer, a brief memorial service was held by the Board, where, as Dr. Alexander beautifully said, we met "to spend an hour under the spell of a finished life." Men and women representing many churches gathered to do honor to the man whom they admired and loved; the splendid group of volumes which were Dr. Dennis's indestructible gift to the literature of missions, was upon the table. As appropriate words were spoken commemorating his life as a Christian, a *littérateur* and a missionary for twenty-three years, one almost felt that his spiritual presence was there among his friends, but rejoiced to remember that instead he was among that "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues" standing before the Throne!

RARELY do we see such an instance of a man being literally made to order for a position as in the case of Dr. T. H. P. Sailer, long the Honorary Educational Secretary of the Assembly's Foreign Board, and recently appointed to the Chair of Missions in the Teachers' College of Columbia University. This addition to the faculty of the college is of marked importance as an aid to the understanding of mission work by students generally, and to the thorough equipment of those who are preparing for this as their life work. Of Dr. Sailer's qualifications as the professor we do not need to speak to our public. He was the pioneer in organizing classes for real *study* of missions. None of the present series of text-books was in existence when he began this work in Philadelphia. More and more has he become recognized as *the* authority on missionary education, not only in our Board but in interdenominational work, and for his untiring activity he has never accepted any salary though giving his whole time to the work. We are glad to say that Dr. Sailer will retain a connection as counselor to the Board in his specialty. Our readers will remember his articles on the *Education of Girls in the Levant*, which appeared in WOMAN'S WORK for August and September, 1912.

SOMEHOW *place aux dames* still seems a popular motto in foreign lands. A little while ago we quoted an account of Christmas festivities where the little boys cried because they received no dolls! Now Mrs. Lampe writes from Syen Chyun, Korea, of their Christmas frolic where "each of the six hundred children had a bag of candy, an orange and the joy of a Korean child's heart—a long, new pencil! The bags for the girls were of cloth and will be useful as book or shoe bags, but as there wasn't enough cloth to go round the boys' bags were of *newspaper*." A new society should be organized for the promotion of boys' rights!

A BIBLEWOMAN coming to the house of a Korea missionary in her travel-soiled clothes, when urged to come in, said in refusing, "Others may love you so much, *Puin*, as to want to go in where you are, but I love you so much I would not think of wearing these soiled garments into your home where your children are."

OUR missionaries write that there is a strong feeling among the Siamese in favor of calling *Laos* simply North Siam. It is possible that this change will be officially made and we will hear of Chieng Mai, Nan, Pre, etc., *North Siam*.

Our Missionaries in Siam and Laos

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

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En route: Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Bulkley; Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Eckels, after May first, Appleton City, Mo.

Snapshots from Nan

Out on the rice-fields of North Siam is a little village nestling among the palm trees. Under the bright, tropical sky lie the bamboo huts with their thatched roofs; and in the sunshine the villagers sow and gather their rice, cultivate their little gardens, and live out their simple lives, unaware of the busy, careworn world outside. Yet there are two clouds in this radiant sky, and their shadows fall black on these tillers of the soil. One of them is the shadow of disease, for half the inhabitants of the village are lepers. The other shadow is even deeper and darker, for it is cast by the leprosy of sin. And the villagers make their offerings and burn their tapers, day after day and year after year, in a vain attempt to appease the wrath of the spirits whom they have offended, they know not how.

Into this little village rode the missionary one day and gave his message for the first time. And when the villagers heard this strange story of the new God and that the spirits they worshipped were no gods at all, they crept away, one by one, fearful that by even listening to such words they might incur the fresh wrath of these spirits.

But the Gospel message sometimes comes to souls that are athirst for God, and are waiting with longing for a word which, when it comes, they know in their hearts to be the truth; for with it comes peace. One woman heard that day the message for which she had long been waiting and, without a doubt or fear, said "I believe!" So the missionary gave her and her family what instruction he could, left literature for them to study, and promised to send back soon a native evangelist to help them.

The family were all studying and making commendable progress, when one day word came to the city that the married daughter was very ill. The missionary hastened to her bedside, and did what he could, but all his ministrations were in vain, and she soon passed away, leaving a new-born babe. In Siam, death in child-birth is the most accursed of all deaths; and a woman is never allowed to die in the house if she can be carried outside, lest her spirit return to haunt the place.

The last sad rites were performed, with only the missionary to help; for no native dared enter the house upon which was resting the curse of the spirits, whose worship the inmates had deserted. If there had been any doubt as to the wrath of the spirits the manner of the woman's death would have dispelled all uncertainty.

But now the problem was: What shall we do with this motherless baby? The mother-heart of the missionary's wife went out to the little one, and she had

about decided to adopt it, when they heard that the father of the child was a leper! The risk of contamination was too great, and they had to leave it in the village. So every few days the two girls of the family came to the city for tinned milk from the missionary's stores—a long two-days' journey. One morning, the oldest girl, twelve years of age, came in just after the news arrived that a tiger had killed a woman on the road the night before. When asked if she were not afraid to go that way alone, she replied: "Oh, no! God takes care of me." The little family did their best, but they could not take the place of a real mother, and soon God took the baby home to Himself, and thus spared it the journey over life's hard road, perhaps as a leper.

Then one day a second summons came to the city: the mother of the family was desperately ill and had sent for help. The missionary hastened to her bedside. "Oh, I am so sorry I have to die without having been baptized," she said, "but promise me that all my children shall be baptized and brought up in the Christian religion." The promise was made, and then her eyes were closed to the light of this world, and opened to the Light above.

And so this little motherless family lived on, ostracized by their neighbors, yet bravely enduring, never doubting that the words they had heard were truth indeed; their faith was only stronger for their baptism of fire. The lame father has had a term in training school and is now one of our evangelists; the two older girls, after three years in the school here, have entered Wang Lang School in Bangkok; the little boy is in our boys' school, and the youngest child will soon enter. Who shall say that the mother's prayers are not being answered, by the God who answers all prayer?

On my way overland from Bangkok to Nan, I stopped for the last night out at the village of Wiang Saa, where there is a little band of Christians. Soon after my arrival, one of the women came in

THE TWO GIRLS AND THEIR BROTHER
Photo. sent by Miss Lucy Starling.

and said, "I have a sister who has been sick for a long time. She is an outsider, but I wish you would go to see her." So we went around to the house and called for the woman, who came out from an inner room, where she had been lying. She was the most pitiable object I have ever seen; hair uncombed, face unwashed, her wrists bound with spirit-strings, bent and shivering, and wrapped in a blanket, though it was a warm day. I doctored her that afternoon, and far into the night, and left her several doses of quinine to take.

About ten days later a man came in from the village and said that the woman had improved for a few days, and then became ill again, saying that the spirits were eating her up inside. Everyone thought she was going to die, so several of the Christians went to her home and advised her to place her dependence in the Saviour, who had power to subdue the spirits. This she agreed to do, the spirit-strings were cut from her wrists and a prayer service was held. Almost at once she began to improve, though no medicine had been given her, and at the time the message was sent, she was almost well; but they

had sent to the city for medicine, to complete the cure.

Several weeks later, another messenger came up, with word that the woman was quite well, and studying; and wished to know if she should send her only child—a dear little girl of seven years—in to school. This week she came in and brought the child, and I should never have known her, so great was the change in her appearance, by her restoration to health. It is such returns as this that cheer the heart of the worker on the field and convince him that his labor is not in vain, and that when human power has reached its limit, a Higher Power intervenes, to complete the work.

NAN. (*Miss*) *Lucy Starling.*

How They Kept Christmas at Chieng Rai

CHRISTMAS season of 1912 was one of the happiest ones we have ever had. Many people had helped to make it so. Friends at home had contributed a big share when eight months before they sent out generous boxes. For four years the members of the Overbrook Church have sent boxes to Chieng Rai, and we owe much to them for the Christmas spirit which now exists among those Laos Christians.

One dear girl asked with tears in her eyes, as we were busy making fancy bags, "Why do they send us these lovely presents? Would it be all right for us to send something to them—something from our country?" She was a poor girl, the daughter of a widow. They did not even have a home of their own. Another woman who owns a sewing-machine and prepares garments to sell, made a lovely jacket for one of the girls from cloth which had been sent us. She said, "Oh, I did not charge her anything. It was her Christmas jacket."

"But does it not *spoil* them to send out these gifts?" we have been asked. There may be instances of this but they are rare and we have abundant evidence that the opposite is the usual effect.

That year the kind friends of the Synodical Society of Nebraska also sent us a box. We felt grateful to Mr. Bachtell, who had charge of the freight, for succeeding in getting these up country in good time. With what joy and excitement did we all receive those home boxes! They looked Christmas-sy even on the outside. But when they were opened and the contents had been distributed on and around the tree! Would that the dear friends who had contributed money and gifts and those two ladies from the Board Rooms who had purchased the things, could have been present!

Then the native Christians helped to make it a truly happy Christmas. For months before, the grandmothers, with other women who could not read, met together in classes to learn to read the second chapter of Matthew, looking forward to our Christmas service, when a portion of this chapter would be read in concert. All the school children committed to memory the Christmas story as found in Matthew and Luke. The children of both schools practiced with Miss Campbell hymns both in English and the vernacular. The elders and other men took all responsibility of decorating the church and of making a canopy for the native feast. Now whenever those men, with Elder Suk as captain, undertook to put up decorations we knew there was "something doing!" The result, on this occasion, was unusually gratifying. Could you have entered our little church that morning, you would have exclaimed with us, "How beautiful!" Amidst palms and draperies of vines had been placed a picture of the Christ Child and someone had thought to put the star just above it.

At Sabbath-school, among other beautiful hymns, the children sang one composed by Mrs. Dodd. At church service they recited the Christmas story in perfect unison. The women, old and young, joined in the concert reading, pleased at

being able to do so. The choir sang one of Dr. Wilson's last hymns, "Holy Night."

The time intervening between Sunday and Christmas Day was busy. So full of joy were the Christians, that others seemed to catch their spirit. The whole city was interested. When the day finally came we all assembled in the churchyard under the fragrant and spacious canopy. It was to be a Thanksgiving and Harvest Home as well as a Christmas feast. For at that time, if the season is not late, the people have just finished the rice harvest. So the clean, new rice straw was spread underneath the pavilion and on top was a thick layer. To the posts were tied palms and young banana trees and blooming plants of white lilies or a new sheaf of rice. Around the sides were hung garlands of leaves. It was there, at noon, that we welcomed our Siamese Governor and other high officials with their wives. Prayer was offered just after the small tables of steaming rice, curries and other good things had been brought in. A double quartette of the native teachers and older boys of the school chanted a blessing on the meal. This Christmas dinner was provided by the members of the city church.

YOUNG SIAM

HEATHEN TEMPLE IN LAOS
Sent by Miss Lucy Starling.

After dinner the church doors were thrown open and the ushers invited us to go inside. No one needed a second invitation. Over a hundred school children formed in line outside while the grown-ups were being seated. When all was quiet and the signal given they marched in, girls on one side and boys on the other, tiny tots first, each carrying a lighted Christmas candle set in a flower-shaped holder of bright colored paper, and all singing "Ring the Bells of Christmas." It was an inspiring sight as they stood before the tree. But the climax was reached, for the little folks, when they were seated and the doctor led off in calling out names. There were many helpers, but there seemed no *end* to the things on that tree. It was like the one Dickens tells of where "There was everything and more."

(*Mrs. W. A.*) *Annabelle K. Briggs.*

MORE accessions in Chieng Mai Station this year than in all the Laos mission last year. The figures for the mission are not all here yet, but Pre has over one hundred, Chieng Rai about eighty and Chieng Mai over a thousand. Dr. Campbell is most successful and has spent most of his time in the out-village work this year. That is what counts, more evangelistic missionaries is the need in this mission. The work of the press this year has kept us both very busy along with the building so that I have not been able to do as much village work as before. I have only been able to make 117 calls in native houses.

(*Mrs. D. G.*) *Ada P. Collins.*

Mrs. Missionary Shuts Her Eyes

It was the second day of the new year and Mrs. Missionary sighed as she thought about her yearly missionary article not yet begun. If only she might have an hour alone! But the patter of bare feet on the veranda announced callers. They were former patients in the hospital gratefully bringing the first fruits of their harvest to Dr. Crooks. Mrs. Missionary had done little else for days past but receive and teach such visitors. Finally the last caller had gone and the day ended with a visit to the hospital to see a tiny patient whose precious little life hung on a slender thread. Home to make up the food for the patient and the work for one day is done.

"Too cold for visitors to-night," thought Mrs. Missionary as she betook herself to the kitchen and the only fire in the house. To enjoy a kitchen in the Orient one needs to be stone-blind. Mrs. Missionary closed her eyes and thought about her various callers in the past days as she remembered them in the hospital—the lame, the blind and the bandaged. Not a very beautiful crowd to look at but precious to those who had seen them grow back to health and strength once more. Before the closed eyes passed little Crystal Drop, like a fragrant little flower with her bright, wistful face. How Mrs. Missionary had looked for that sweet little face to smile up to her in the daily chapel service. Sometimes when she first came her face was drawn in pain but always sweet and brave. Slowly the light of the Gospel story entered into her heart and one day she said to her father, "Crystal Drop believes in Jesus truly and wants to become a Christian." Since then her little hand has led her family to Christ. Her grandfather, a man of rank, is now a most devoted Christian and exerts a great influence.

Then there passed Dr. Crooks's adopted son—the son who adopted the Doctor! The first time Dr. Crooks met his son it was to put thirty-six stitches in him and to set a broken arm. One might suppose Ba Tune would have been discouraged after that first reception but not he. Ba Tune had had an encounter with a buffalo—hence the stitches. For two days he was almost unconscious, then the tide turned and he began to mend. He was a quaint little lad and a favorite with all in the hospital. One day he said to the head-nurse, "Does Dr. Crooks have buffaloes?" "No," said the surprised nurse, "why?"

"Very good," said Ba Tune, "from now on I shall be the Doctor's son." When Dr. Crooks heard of the new member of his family he laughed, but when Ba Tune's mother heard his decision she said, "Just as you say, my dear child; Jesus has healed you, it is only fitting that we should serve Him." So the whole family came into the church. Ba Tune has started his education and altogether Dr. Crooks has great reason to be proud of the son who adopted him.

Nan Wong was one of the head priests in the temple, a young man of excellent report. Everyone loved and respected him. His father had hoped to make great merit through him. But Nan Wong was ill and became a terrible sufferer. The spirits were consulted, offerings of all kinds were made. The family possessions dwindled away but Nan Wong only grew worse.

"We will go to the foreign doctor," said his father. So Nan Wong took off his yellow robes, put on citizen's clothes and came to the hospital. It proved not to be a spirit after all that was afflicting him but he was a victim of vesical calculus; an exceedingly large stone, the size of a hen's egg, was removed and Nan Wong's gratitude knew no bounds. Well educated in Buddhism, he recognized in Christ the fulfillment of the prophecy of Buddha, and he and his father became firm believers. Nan Wong said, "I have been healed through the power of my Saviour, how can I return to the spirits?"

Then Mrs. Missionary saw the vision of another yellow-robed priest whose

father brought him for treatment. When Dr. Crooks told him it was too late the father said, "Well, if he dies here I shall have nothing to regret." So they waited the sad end. One day after being unconscious for some time and recovering, to the astonishment of all, he began to pray God to take and receive his soul. And until his death, which came soon, he lifted his hands in supplication. When the end came, with a pleading look on his face the father asked: "What think you? Will your Saviour accept my child with his yellow robes on?" Assured that the robes would make no difference he said, "So I felt, for in no other way could I explain the joy in my heart. I feel my son must be in heaven and I am too happy to weep. I marvel at myself that here my son, who has been my great hope of merit for years, is gone and I have not shed a tear. Only faith in the Christian religion can give such joy."

Thus Mrs. Missionary sat and recalled the patients of the past year; some of them wholly indifferent to the Gospel story; others, through fear, not opening their hearts to its influence. There were several patients of high rank who occupied the best ward in grandeur. There was the "Mellin's food baby" of the Siamese official with her six nurses. It took all six of them to fix the bottle. There was the little boy who cried lustily every day when the chapel service was over because he wanted Mrs. Missionary to play some more on her sewing-machine! There was the old Chinaman whose sight was restored after an operation for cataract and who never came to the city without some gift to show his gratitude to the doctor. There were many who, having spent their all on the spirits, came to the hospital, not only to be healed but fed as well. Many of them confessed their faith in Christ. They were recalled with smiles and tears—dear children, all of them!

LAMPANG. (*Mrs. C. H.*) *Florence B. Crooks.*

One of These Little Ones

WE were at our wits' end to know what to do about the boys' school as they were without a home. But we begged bricks from the old city wall from the Governor and are going to pave with them the ground beneath our house for the schoolroom. It is well that we live in a climate where we can have fresh air schools. My husband is a fresh air enthusiast and is latticing everything that can be latticed in order that the missionaries, school children and patients in the new hospital may have good air. I fear that in any house of which he has had the building, there will no light burn on a windy night, and we have very windy nights out here on the plain.

The Christians are going to help move a good teak native house over here as a dormitory for the boys. The women are going to help me prepare a feast for the workers, to be served under our house. We now have sixteen boarders and they are still coming in. It costs a lot to feed all these hungry boys. We started them last night clearing a place for a rainy season garden in which we can plant squashes, corn, cucumbers, beans and pepper. We hope to eat from this before the term is out. We are also going to set traps in the river for fish, so that we can have more variety in diet without spending more money. The big girls I am going to organize into a cooking class and under the supervision of myself and the cooks I am going to let them prepare the food of the two schools. Calling it a study is making it very popular.

One small boy, a mere skeleton, was brought in by a poor widow. She had been feeding this little chap for three days on the poor rations she herself had. His father is dead and his mother is crazy. He was shifting for himself, although only eight years old. I did not see how we could take in a non-Christian when there were so many needy children among our Christians, but he looked so

old and haggard that we *had* to take him and he is here.

Would you have let him drift off to die or would you have taken him in? What would Christ have done for the worse than motherless little one?

(*Mrs. E. C.*) *M. G. Cort.*

Muang Prae.

Off the Beaten Track

Siam is keeping pace with other nations in regard to temporal things. Since the new law, requiring all persons to have a surname, went into effect on July first, everybody is choosing a family name. A decree abolishing gambling during the holidays has been issued to take effect in April. The law relating to protection against contagious diseases has been enforced through this year, so that there has been a remarkably low death-rate from cholera, plague and small-pox. Both the railway lines — north and south — are progressing steadily. All the fruits of Christianity are wanted by King and peasant, but the Tree is yet spurned! I cannot depict to you the difference between a heathen nation and a Christian. I read of nine thousand meeting for communion in *one* place in Africa. I read of three thousand new followers of Christ in our sister state of Laos.

DR. AND MRS. EAKIN AND HELPERS IN THE DODGE TENT

Photo. sent by Mrs. Eakin.

How long, O Lord, how long ere this King will fall down before Thee, and *this* nation serve Thee! One thing that always keeps up my courage in the work is the fact that Siam is the hardest field in the world; and that I am counted worthy to work where few are willing to come, and where few are willing to accept Christ! I sometimes consider for a moment coming home when my children do and taking care of them, but when I think of the sixty-seven thousand Siamese women whom God has given me the opportunity to tell of the way of salvation, I know He can make a better man and woman of our two children with me halfway round the world *doing His will*, than if I should spend all my time with them *doing my own pleasure!*

By travelling east and west by the Petchaburi River and using canals leading out from this river, and by going by train north and south, and walking and riding between these points we are able to reach all the people in our parish —the size of Connecticut. Dr. Eakin visited forty-five of the forty-six groups of believers this year. There are 658 persons who are adherents. They have very little knowledge and most of them cannot read. Since October first I have gone on six tours with Dr. Eakin to six different villages, three by boat, two by rail, and one on foot.

Dr. Eakin, Paul, Mary and I have recently returned from a tour up the river. It was a steady climb up little cascades among the mountains, forests and wild things. We were very cosy in the Dodge *sala** at Sarahet, the farthest point we can get by river. Dr. Eakin walks from that point to different villages. We secured the names of eleven

*A large tent was sent to Dr. Eakin by two sons of Mr. Cleveland Dodge, of New York, who took a tour with him several years ago.

on this tour who put down their names as wanting Jesus Christ. One of these is the father of twelve children, mostly grown. Another, the mother of ten children, the eldest a son, put down his name also. This trip is just like leaving the world entirely as far as hearing news is concerned.

I spent most of July and August in tent work from village to village. I take furnishings for kitchen, dining-room, bed, reception rooms. Three important things in the kitchen are a tea-kettle to boil water, which often comes from a pond near by; a native charcoal stove, and a tin oven for baking bread. The dining-room furniture consists of a folding-table and granite dishes. The bedroom necessities are folding mattresses and mosquito nets; and the reception-room furnishings are large straw mats and baby organ.

I make a specialty of teaching children songs and prayers. Every child who *tries* to sing is given a Sunday-school card. (Therefore these cards are very thankfully received.) In the last three months I have taught about six hundred children at night sessions. I seat them in rows and they are easily counted. The favorite songs are "No, Not One," and "Christ Receiveth Sinful Men." The prayer is "Now I lay me," translated into good Siamese. On these tours our night meetings are the most important. We prepare for them by prayer and by practicing singing. Preaching is done by the help of the stereopticon pictures. The after-meeting is quite similar to one at home. I get next to the women and Dr. Eakin the men.

Three of our helpers spent four months in the Training School in Bangkok during the rainy season. Now they are back helping faithfully in carrying the Gospel to the country districts. In all this work special attention is given to teaching inquirers how to pray and how to worship in their own homes.

Since the first of January we have been having cold weather, 55° when we are used to 90° to 100°. The poor Siamese go about with heads, mouth and nose covered as we do at home in the coldest weather. Their lips are cracked and hands chapped. Their bare feet are purple. One of the commonest sights is a *naked baby*, while the one carrying it is clothed in blankets.

PETCHABURI. (*Mrs. J. A.*) *Altha L. Eakin.*

Edna Orcutt

A REMINISCENCE

A TALL, slender girl with beautiful brown eyes and only twenty-three years old—it hardly seemed possible that she had gone through college and a medical course and was ready for the responsibilities of being a physician, especially the varied, difficult, critical and constant practice she would have as the only woman doctor in a city of two hundred thousand. She came to Tabriz three years ago and we wondered why one so young should be so sad and reserved, till we heard how alone she was in the world, recently bereaved of mother, sister and brother. She spent the first weeks in Tabriz with us and in her sad shyness seemed to find our children a comfort. As children do, they understood and gave love for love.

Language study began at once and she allowed nothing to interfere with her lessons, though she was laid up for months after two accidents. As if this were not enough, she fell a victim to typhoid fever and had a long, wearisome siege of it. At last, though still so frail-looking after her recovery, she opened her dispensary and began to practice, as she was called to the homes of

DR. EDNA E. ORCUTT
Taken in 1909.

rich and poor, both Moslems and Christians.

She described with bright humor the patient who appeared for an operation dressed in yellow velvet and another poor woman who came surrounded by thirty-four neighbors, whom the doctor had to disperse, retaining only five to help her do what was necessary. A merry little boy in the kindergarten was always "Sunny Jim" to her.

To my surprise and great pleasure, since we have been in the United States she has written more even than the older friends, dashing off hurried letters full of news that I was eager to hear. Especially in the revival she wrote: "You must have felt how your boys are coming in." As reserved people do, she expressed more in writing than she had in words. So you will understand how dear and precious she was to me, young enough to be my daughter and appealing to me as she was motherless. Her letters were full of the joy of service, of the anticipation of having a hospital where she could really take care of her patients and of the longing to bring to Christ those who came to her for healing. From this devoted, busy, useful life she has suddenly been called away. We know nothing more than the cablegram:

"Orcutt died eighth—pneumonia."

"Some in the early freshness of youth and hope and love,
Left service scarce begun here, transferred to that above.
Count not their lives a wasting of ointment rare and sweet,
They poured their youth's rich fragrance upon the Master's feet.
Wherever this glad Gospel is given among men,
Such alabaster boxes break with their gift again."

(*Mrs. S. G.*) *Annie Rhea Wilson.*
INDIANA, Pa.

THE RHODODENDRON

A BLUSH of crimson, a burst of flame
O'er the forests in springtime came;
Bright thoughts of Nature, her vivid dreams,
Tinged by the sunlight's ruddy beams,

Gigantic bouquets on mighty stems,
Arranged for springtide diadems!
Painting the mountains a glowing blue
Under the cloudless arch of blue,

For Spring's coronet, beauty to lend,
Coral, ruby and garnet blend.
Princess of Seasons, she goes forth crowned,
Bright-eyed flowers clustering round.

Music too high for the ear to hear,
Sounding o'er crags and mountains drear.
The story of God's all-tender thought,
For the dear world His love has bought.

O! tree from Eden, Garden of God!
Blooming from hard and rocky sod!
Teach me thy lesson of brave, bright life,
In places hard and full of strife;

Teach me to draw from a rocky soil
My strength and grace for daily toil;
Teach me to look to the Face of Love
And seek my comfort from above.

H. M. A. in *The Woodstock Quadrangle.*
MUSSOORIE, India.

A Spicy Journey

WE have just returned from a trip to Trang Province where we spent three weeks with our good friends Dr. and Mrs. Bulkley, at Tap Teang. "Variety is the spice of life," and we surely had *spice* enough on our journey there and back. We started *from* home in a royal motor-car, and *reached* home in a bullock-cart, with all modes of travelling between. But think of crossing the Peninsula in twenty-nine hours, when formerly it took us from five to eight days. When Her Highness, our royal commissioner's mother, heard that we had received—by wire—an urgent call to Tap Teang she sent an attendant to ask us if she might send us to rail head in one of her motor-cars. Dr. and Mrs. Eckels had already found carts, but they were soon dismissed and we piled into the big red American automobile—beds, thermos bottle, water, lunch, suit cases, telescope, etc. It is a two days' journey to Tung Song by cart, but we made it in three hours. Mr. Catella, the section engineer, as soon as he knew our errand promised to get us through to Tap Teang that evening. But before he could get his men together, Mr. Malony's engine arrived from Kabang, a station

about half way between Tung Song and Tap Teang. He was returning at once, so we with our luggage were put on a flat car, with a zinc roof over our heads, and two rattan chairs to sit on.

SIAM'S BURDEN BEARER

The engines on these construction trains are small, so we ran very slowly and it was about dark when we reached Kabang. Mr. Malony offered to send us through that night but the headlights were towards Tung Song, the engineer was tired, it was rainy and no moon, so we decided to wait for daylight. Our good Irish friend showed us every kindness, taking us to his bungalow, giving up his room to us, and accompanying us next morning to Kon Kon, where we took the regular afternoon train. From Kabang to Kon Kon was a rather tedious journey. I was in a boat once when the boatmen made dams behind it and waited for the water to back up a little. The boat was then pushed on, and this was repeated about every ten rods, but I never traveled by train before where the fireman had to pick up wood along the track to keep his engine fired. By the time they got the fire well going the water in the boiler gave out. There was something wrong with the pumping apparatus and we were fifty-five minutes getting water into the boiler. By this time the wood was all gone. They worked along like this for five hours when to our joy the woodpile came in sight. Our hopes rose. In half an hour we were speeding at the rate of ten miles an hour and soon reached Kon Kon where the down train was waiting.

What luxury it was to get into a coach! We were hungry, so found an enterprising Chinaman who offered us coffee at twenty cents a cup, ham and eggs, fifty cents, etc. I bought some crackers, opened a small tin of smoked salmon and our thermos bottle, which I had filled with hot coffee at Mr. Malony's. Then I invited the two gentlemen into the first-class compartment to have something to eat. It was only an hours' ride to Tap Teang. The Bulkleys were surprised to see us so soon. They said it was a record trip, many thanks to Her Highness and the kind-hearted section engineers on the railroad.

After enjoying two weeks in the "Gem of Siam" and seeing Mrs. Bulkley slowly recovering, we began to plan our return trip, but we found temporary bridges were up; when they were replaced by permanent ones, Mr. Malony's engines experienced a "smash-up" and had to be sent to Trang for repairs. It was just ready to take us back when the engine of the regular train was thrown off the track—a blockade. We began to get desperate when the Governor of Trang, Peah Yuterkit (one of our old schoolboys), sent his motor-car to take us to Tung Song, where we engaged two bullock-carts and started on our way, walking most of the time. It was beautiful coming through the mountain pass that evening. We had plenty of time to examine the tall, beautiful ferns, look at and listen to the small waterfalls, rivulets and babbling brooks. When it got dark, we jumped into our carts and at eight-thirty pulled up in front of an empty bungalow belonging to the railway. Its bare walls looked dreary

enough, but we were tired and hungry and soon asleep. Early next morning we were moving again. When we got tired walking we rode; when we wearied of the carts we jumped out and walked, and reached home about eight, thankful for all God's providential dealings with us, thankful that we had the privilege of seeing the little flock at Tap Teang, and thankful to have been with Dr. and Mrs. Bulkley and little Katharine, who is the dearest and daintiest little lady I ever saw.

NAKAWN. (*Mrs. E.*) *R. Wachter.*

WANTED: At once, a woman doctor who is looking for as large a sphere of usefulness in caring for women and children who need her as there is anywhere in the world. She will be the only qualified, actively practicing woman in a city of over 175,000 population, also in a radius of more than fifty miles, in a region where women are forbidden to see men outside of their own families. She would have charge of the Sara Seward Hospital at Allahabad, India, with twenty-five beds for in-patients and a daily out-clinic of over fifty patients.

[This appeal comes from Dr. Sarah E. Avey, who has been doing this work as best she could alone. It is endorsed by the Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Avey adds as a proof of the faith of the people in the women doctors the following incident: "A woman was recently cured at our hospital of a disease which had kept her in bed for ten years. A wealthy Hindu relative of hers sent his twelve-year-old son to me with the message, 'You must examine him and if he is well tell us how to keep him well. Make a schedule for every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day and he shall follow it.' "—EDITOR.]

TEACHERS IN HARRIET HOUSE SCHOOL AT BANGKOK

From left to right the first, Hilda, had four years' preparation in America and now has charge of the first Kindergarten ever opened in Siam. The second, Maa Nuam, instructs in academic, sewing and gymnastic work. The third, Maa Aroon, teaches and conducts the home-nursing department. Photo. sent by Miss M. C. McCord.

THE Chinese are a much stronger people in every way than the Siamese. But we love those we work for. I am finding that out more and more. Fridays I spend two hours with the women of this church. Of course, I must use Siamese only and the two or three I began with were pure Siamese, but gradually some have come in who are "look-chins," the children of Siamese wives of the Chinese. One woman particularly is to be, I hope, a great helper, though not yet a professed Christian. She is not only Chinese herself but wife of a Chinaman and so is able to act as interpreter and at the same time is my best Siamese scholar. Last week I gave a dinner for our new American Minister, Mr. Frank Carpenter. I invited in the older missionaries and we had a very pleasant evening. We hope he will be allowed to remain in our Legation. We miss very much our former Minister and family but the new Minister proves that he is interested in our work.

BANGKOK. (*Mrs. J. B.*) *Mary Dunlap.*

MISS EDNA S. COLE AND PRINCESS CHIRTCHOME
Sent by Miss McCord.

THE PRINCESS is a good friend of our school. She acknowledges Miss Cole's helpfulness to her in many ways and in return does everything in her power to promote our work. Her little home in the palace of the old Second King is a model of neatness and industry. Although not well versed in the English language, the Princess frequently makes good translations from English into Siamese for our magazine, *The Daybreak*.

BANGKOK. (*Miss*) *M. C. McCord.*

IT is an interesting fact that manual training is beginning to appeal to the Government schools. One of our last year graduates said to me, "If you had the money the Government schools have and then teach as you do here it would be a splendid thing. Why, Dr. McClure alone does the work that they hire five clerks to do, aside from his teaching and preaching." That boy is sixteen years old, and a teacher in the Government school. He is thinking things out for himself.

(*Mrs. W. G.*) *Jeanie H. McClure.*
BANGKOK.

A SIAM missionary writes: "Talking with a group of women I asked them, 'Who is Jesus Christ?' with characteristic outspreading of the hands they said, 'We know nothing. Our sons know these things but no one teaches us!' "

GROWTH of thirty-three and a third per cent. during one year is reported by Mrs. Crooks of Lakawn in one of the village churches—a growth that many a pastor at home might covet.

WE welcome a new "esteemed contemporary," *The White Elephant*, to be published monthly by the Bangkok (Siam) Christian College. The cuts of the white elephant, as he appears on the Siamese flag, were made by the students of the Government School of Arts and Crafts; the printing is done by the students of the Bangkok Christian College Manual Training School. Anyone contributing a dollar to the support of this school will receive the periodical for ten months—it is omitted during the two hot months of vacation, April and May.

WITHIN one week three young men connected with Prince Royal's College at Chieng Mai, Laos, were married to three young women of the Chieng Mai Girls' School. All these young people were second generation Christians. Two of the brides remain as teachers in the school, all the couples establish the Christian homes which are so truly a "light shining in a dark place."

ON THE VERANDA AT BANGKOK CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

From left to right, Dr. McClure; Miss McCord (kneeling); Mrs. McClure; Mrs. Franklin, holding Eleanor; Mr. Franklin, holding Wilbur; Miss Galt, standing. The photograph, sent by Miss McCord, was taken during Mr. and Mrs. Franklin's first term of service. After an interval in this country they have now been reappointed and returned to Bangkok.

A New Spirit in "Making Merit"

On the first day of the Week of Prayer I attended the service in Ban Den Chapel. It seemed to be decorated for some gala-day occasion rather than for prayer. Flags and palm leaves were used, but, in even greater evidence and profusion were long lines of what looked to be brightly colored paper—until you knew differently. They were really parts of Scripture, largely, Ruth, Jonah, the Epistles of James and John in bright covers. Except in the decorations there was no air of festivity but rather of prayer and gratitude.

A foundation prineiple of Buddhism is merit-making, securing for one's self a future abode of happiness, or escaping future misery, by an outlay of money, time or energy. This money may be expended in gifts for the priests, in building or repairing temples, giving food, clothing or money to the poor, supplying the priestly robes and books for some lad who desires to enter the temple for his novitiate, or in writing and scattering parts of Buddhistic literature. Mechanical printing was not available so many made merit by copying and putting into circulation this literature. The various forms of giving are called *tän*.

Form appeals to these people and this year the old form of *tänning* has taken on a new meaning to our Christian people. Feeling the great need of a wider distribution of the Scriptures among the non-Christian people it was decided to combine with the Week of Prayer the *tänning* of Scriptures. The services were held each day in various communities, each Christian bringing in what Scriptures he felt he could. Some of these were used for decorating, as described, other large quantities simply stacked. On the choice of parts of Scripture the suggestions of the Bible Society have been used. As a result of the week's work, approximately, sixty thousand parts were collected, one family alone giving one thousand. These will be put into the hands of the evangelists for distribution under direction.

In the various services I attended I heard no suggestion of the old idea of merit-making, but only of joy in doing what they had done, with most earnest prayers that the Spirit direct in the distribution, and draw to Himself the hearts of those who read. In one community some of the Christians bought and distributed Scriptures as a memorial to their departed friends.

In the past two years there has been a marked change in the attitude of the people toward the Scriptures. Formerly they were very superstitious, always fearing lest they offend the spirits by accepting the new literature. In one village Scriptures were scattered in the morning; in the afternoon the head-priest at the temple had headache and

the Scriptures were hastily collected and returned to the donor. There is now no difficulty in persuading people to accept them. They seem eager to receive them and read with interest. From the history of the acceptance and spread of Christianity thus far in the land it would seem the time may come, if the Seed can be broadly sown and cared for, that there will be a mass-movement, a general ingathering, nation-wide, perhaps as in Korea. For this we work and pray.

CHIENG MAI. *Eula M. Van Vranken.*

MISS COLLINS (now Mrs. Chas. E. Park.—ED.) was very efficient and her leaving is a big loss to the school. We are very fortunate, however, in securing Miss Van Vranken to take her place. The latter is generally acknowledged to be one of the most efficient teachers on the field.

We have five native teachers. Our average enrollment for the year has been seventy-three boarders and thirty-five day pupils, making a total of one hundred and eight. The average daily attendance was eighty-one. Three girls from Buddhist families have come into full membership of the church with the consent of their parents. Two more have confessed themselves Christians, but have not yet gotten permission to receive baptism. As the great majority of our girls are from Christian families, the influence of the school is so strongly Christian that I think but few if any girls who are long with us go out non-Christians, though as we see from the above, they are not always allowed openly to confess Christ. It is a great pleasure to watch the improvement in manners and appearance of the raw country girls who come to us, and also a gratification to hear from those who tour that our girls are a big help when they return to their villages during vacation.

CHIENG MAI. (*Miss*) *Edith M. Buck.*

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

REV. AND MRS. J. B. KALB wish their friends to know that their address is changed from Ponta Grossa to Guarapuava, Parana, Brazil.

ARRIVALS:

At San Francisco, Feb. 23.—Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Cort from Laos. Address, 1446 Kelton Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

At San Francisco, Feb. 24.—Miss Mary Ransom of Japan. Address, care A. P. Ransom, Waverley Place, Nashville, Tenn.

DEPARTURES:

From San Francisco, March 17.—Rev. Courtland Van Deusen, to join the N. China Mission.

From Seattle, March 26.—Miss Vella M. Wilcox, returning to S. China.

MARRIAGES:

At——, Jan. 29. Miss Beatrice Pawsey and the Rev. Peter J. Kapteyn, both of the W. Africa Mission.

At Fatehgarh, India, Feb. 24.—Miss Lena B. Ruchti and Mr. George Dunbar, both of the N. India Mission.

RESIGNATIONS:

Miss Jean K. Mackenzie of the W. Africa Mission. Appointed 1904.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Eldredge of the N. India Mission. Appointed 1911.

Rev. Wm. B. Cooke of the American Presbyterian Church, Manila, P. I. Appointed 1910.

DEATH:

At Tabriz, Persia, March 8.—Dr. Edna Oreutt of the W. Persia Mission. Appointed 1910.

AT one of the Nan villages the priests from the temple came early in the evening to the missionary's tent and announced that they wanted to see and hear everything the strangers had to offer. They listened to the graphophone and gazed at the views of the sciopticon, first of the "outside world," and then Bible pictures, and when that was finished they said they wanted to see Christians worship. While Dr. Taylor was talking to the people the head-priest left, but later returned alone, and late into the night did this Laos Nicodemus linger, talking of the things of the kingdom. He asked, "Do Buddhist priests ever enter the religion?" He was given instances of those who had done so, and then he was told the story of a priest who, several years before, had come to Dr. Taylor at night, when every one was asleep and wakened him. And in the dark the two had conversed regarding the way of eternal life. And the priest said, "Oh, yes; I know about him!" Thus is the missionary, often after many years, given assurance that the seed was not sown in vain. Dr. Taylor says that in all his experience of over twenty years on the field, he had never met with such a spirit of eager inquiry as in these people of Northern Nan Province.—*The Laos News.*

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

JAPAN

Mrs. R. P. Gorbold writes from Kyoto: The other day I went to the store to get some small pieces of crepe and while I was talking to the man his wife came in. As there are no foreigners in Kyoto but missionaries, seeing me she was reminded of all she knew about mission work, so she said: "We have a little girl who goes up the next corner sometimes and hears a foreign song, 'Jesus loves me,' and she sings it this way." Then the mother sang the chorus of "Jesus loves me" distinctly and in good tune. Just then a maid came in with a three-year-old on her back. She was such a tiny little thing I thought her mother could not mean that this was the one who had learned the hymns. But when the maid put her down and she saw me she began at once and sang two verses of "Jesus loves me" and another little hymn that Mr. Gorbold teaches at the children's meeting on Wednesday evening in their neighborhood. I was not only surprised but greatly pleased and encouraged to see this result of our work, that even one of the babies who comes on another's back had got the precious words so into her little head and heart that she repeated them so often at home that her mother even had learned them. We have seven Sunday-schools every Sunday morning in addition to the church Sunday-school and during the week six other children's meetings which are well attended and where many songs and Bible stories are taught. When we see how this little one remembered haven't we foundation for the hope that in many, many of the hundreds of homes represented by these thirteen children's meetings God's Word, living and powerful, is finding its way?

PERSIA

Mrs. J. W. Hawkes, writing from Hamadan to a former Persia missionary, says: If you were to visit Hamadan again you would be astonished at the changes. Think of our having a Christmas service in English in our parlor with twenty-eight "Frangees" in attendance. We took up a collection of about fifty dollars, later increased by twenty-five from the English Vice-Consul, for that important functionary is one of the latest additions to our community. The Imperial Bank here is perhaps the most flourishing branch in Persia. Many of our former school-boys are employed in the Bank and the rug factory, and our school is in excellent condition. The Faith Hubbard School has put up a fine new building—not supplanting the old one, but in addition to it. I wish you might see all these things for yourself. But if you were to take a walk through the city itself you would probably say: "Why, it hasn't changed a particle since I saw it before—the same narrow, crooked lanes, the same cobblestones hurting one's feet and the same dust and dirt (mud just now), the same blank walls—hiding so many lives blighted, so many hearts broken by Mohammedanism." You know I work at the Dispensary, reading and talking to the women, and terrible things come to my knowledge—some of the fruits of Islam—things that can't be told. May the time come quickly when all women shall be free from this blighting system. I have lived here a long time and yet I keep finding new horrors constantly.

CHINA

Mrs. J. E. Williams writes from Nanking: We have had a terrible scourge of small-pox here, of the most malignant type, so all the doctors have been busy vaccinating. You remember the coming of the beautiful baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Bullock. He has been taken from them by this dreadful disease when only two months old. . . . They wrapped the little body in its pink blanket, and put it into a metal box, which was sealed. Then some of us covered and lined a tiny pine box with white and laid all over it narcissus and ferns. . . . After a little service on the veranda, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Clemons carried it out over the hills to our foreign cemetery and the wee white box was lowered into the ferns and evergreens which lined the grave. . . . Just a sweet little blossom he was, it was hard to lay him away. We did our best to make his last little bed as soft as we could.

Mrs. Chas. K. Roys writes from Wei Hsien: It is lovely to be back. The Chinese are so genuine in their affection; and it is a real joy to see our Chinese friends again. We have had the business of unpacking seventy-four cases, large and small; of scraping off kalsomine from all the walls in order to put on the pretty home wall-paper friends had picked out for us; of planing and oiling hopelessly soiled floors, and of plunging up to our eyes in the work. Patients had for a year "saved up their sicknesses," and the days were indeed full for Dr. Roys and me. I must write later of the new kindergarten I am starting—the very first one in all this region.

INDIA

Mrs. C. A. R. Janvier writes from Allahabad: At an entertainment given by the Christian Club of the College, I was impressed by the audience. There were Indian gentlemen escorting their wives, the men in English evening dress, the women in native costume. A Hindu pandit sat in front of me dressed in white, with a cultured voice, speaking in perfect English and the face of a seraph—but the mark of his god on his forehead. He saw me behind and asked why I sat there. I told him because he was in a reserved seat at Rs. 31 and mine was Rs. 21. He said there was but one thing to do—left his seat and took one back of me. He talked of an old jail amidst educational buildings in the Cantonment, that it should be removed, that in time education would prevent crime. Well, does it? I keep thinking how Jesus must be looking upon him and loving him—this most lovable man—and then of the sign of Vishnu, "The Preserver," and all the gross idolatry it stands for.

Mrs. R. H. H. Goheen writes from Vengurla: The hospital is so crowded that we are urging those who are almost well to please go home. On Sunday counted the crowd of patients and friends gathered for prayers: 54 in the men's ward, 50 in the women's, and 26 in the hall and two private rooms—this in an eighteen-bed hospital. The new hospital, bungalow and nurses' home are well begun. How eager we are to make the change to improved quarters!

With Presbyterian Young People

WE - WANT - 19 - 12!

BACK AT OLD V. C.

Let our Reunion records break
Come help '14 to graduate
Come gather round our tree!

ARE YOU COMING?

Do you wish accommodations engaged for you?
Room and board must be engaged for four days—June 6th to 10th, 1914—and *no less*, at $2.00 per day.
Will you attend Class Supper, Tuesday, June 9th?
With whom do you wish to room?

CONSIDER! DISCUSS! CORRESPOND! DECIDE!

A definite reply will be asked for in March.

CHAIRMAN

We offer the above facsimile of a postal card, received in January by every member of the class which graduated in 1912 from Vassar College, as a suggestion to those who are working up the attendance at summer schools and conferences this summer. Many young women have somewhere in the sub-basements of their minds a vague idea, "Perhaps *I* will get one of those gatherings in sometime next summer." But over the idea there is a stratum of spring plans and engagements; another of summer frocks and hats and shoes and canoes and tennis racquets; another of invitations to various friends' bungalows and cottages by the sea or in the mountains—perhaps all the various strata are submerged beneath a possible ocean voyage! Something is needed to make the idea stop being vague and become concrete, and that something is needed far enough in advance to effect potency in constructing, or even re-constructing, summer plans. The card which we quote accomplished just what had been intended. Many of the girls addressed live in and around New York; wherever and whenever they talked together, at social gatherings, on trains and street cars, at lunch or at tea or at the tailor's or over the telephone, the subject inevitably came up—"Are you going?" "I will if you will, etc." When the March postal came most of them were ready with their definite response.

Would not some such "round-up" reach effectively the girls who need to be reminded that this summer they may go to any one of a number of carefully arranged schools or conferences, where a few days of the concentrated cultivation provided will equal months of the scattered opportunities of ordinary life? Read in our Home Department this month Miss Walker's telling answer to the question, "Why Go to a Summer School?" What she writes for the women of the auxiliaries is just as applicable to the girls in—or perhaps not in—Westminster Guilds and Young People's Societies of all kinds. Just a few suggestions received to date are: Northfield, Mass., July 10–17; Winona Lake, Ind., June 25–July 2; Omaha, Neb., June 22–29; Boulder, Col., July 7–14; Silver Bay, N. Y., July 10–19; Los Angeles, Cal., July 12–18; Mt. Hermon, Cal., July 19–25.

HOME DEPARTMENT

SILVER BAY. Courtesy the Missionary Education Movement.

WHY GO TO A SUMMER CONFERENCE?

WHY NOT? In the expressive slang of yesterday, "Everybody's doing it, doing what?"

Why, taking disagreeable journeys; subsisting upon prunes, ice-cream cones, and, as the boarding-school girl remarked, "that same gray meat every day;" seeking rest upon strange, uninteresting beds by night; pursuing, often through blistering sun or pouring rain, a kaleidoscopic twelve-hour programme of committees, classes, lectures, and recreation, interspersed with feverish expeditions after old friends who seem to be nowhere, and the continual discovery of new ones hailing from everywhere. Then, at the end, conducting a more or less exhausted body, a highly stimulated brain, and a crowded note-book, back to "Nazareth." Dear, teasing, unimpressed "own country" which receives one back as though nothing were changed, and is much more interested to communicate its familiar round of little happenings than to listen to the really great things which a few miles away have been absorbing the mind and heart of its Prophetess.

NOW, THERE LIES THE TEST.

After that shock of the home coming—what survives? When one ceases to bubble over with enthusiasm, and starts to boil it down—in the cold gray light of the month or the year after,—what's in a Conference? Well, there are certain advantages accruing to Conference goers which he who runs may read.

Recall any prospectus you have ever perused—upon it the names of teachers, inspirational speakers, missionaries—leaders of Christian thought representing a world-wide wealth and variety of experience. Remember the atmosphere of eager appreciation and unified purpose which envelops both speaker and hearer at such a gathering. A little spot of earth where no man shall say to his neighbor, "Know the Lord," and no woman need present to her sister an apologetic or appeal for missions. Reflect that the pulse of your times does not beat exclusively with blue Presbyterian fluid and realize the value of these great "Acquaintance Parties" of our Christian Family. Picture this novel Woman's Exchange, where all are Consignors and Customers as well. The membership fee varies, but once inside there is no charge for the priceless commodities spread out so temptingly. Think of the presents you may take home to give away!

"But," says Mrs. Doubting Thomas, "these unnatural surroundings and unusual stimulants are not healthy; the result is reaction, with the last state worse than the first."

Please listen a minute to Miss Louise Brooks; "Last year we started to make a list of young women who had graduated from college within the last ten years, who are now acting as Secretaries of Mission Boards or in the Young Women's Christian Association trying to find out *under what experience they had come to a desire for service.* But the list was so predominantly directed by our summer conferences that there was practically no exception."

Has the Y.W.C.A. any monopoly of the law of cause and effect, or is it a fair inference that the results they have tabulated are but a sample of what, unheralded, all our churches are gaining?

Dear Gentle Reader, lest you be tempted to say "Go to, now, we will

ALLOW SOME ONE ELSE

to bring all this back to our church and community," turn your thought for a moment to the intangible influence of a conference, which is a growth that does not bear transplanting. Into each separate heart this seed must fall, and God giveth the increase in a measure mysterious and revealing.

A little old lady, dusty, travel-worn and dejected, got stiffly down at the door of Betsy Moody Cottage. The late afternoon light of a perfect day was pouring itself over the beautiful Northfield campus; groups of women and girls were coming and going in all directions, for it was the middle of Conference Week when its tense and crowded activities are in full swing. A look of amazement

overspread the weariness on the patient face as turning to a companion the newcomer exclaimed, "Why! everybody's smiling!" Joyousness—it is the greatest gift of unconscious attraction a Christian can possess, the perfect flower of service!

Would you add to your joy, courage? March boldly in to the Land of the Impossible with the Army of the Undismayed. The Sheriff of a remote country district was halted one evening, on the point of departure from home, by the untimely arrival of a man involuntarily accompanying several indignant citizens who had come upon the stranger under suspicious circumstances. Not minded to be detained, and unwilling to allow a probable culprit to escape, the Sheriff sat down to write an order committing him to the lock-up until morning. "You can't put me in jail," said the man, "I've had no legal examination." "*Can't*, young man, did you say *can't*?—an' *me a-doin' it!*" We commend to you the moral—not the morality—of this tale, and challenge you to bring your "can'ts" to Conference. Someone is "a-doin'" of them all.

But one word more—we're not attempting to advertise the Summer Schools. We are striving to make a dent in your preoccupation, trying to arrest your attention, to overcome your indifference. With all our hearts we bid you come with us that we may do each other good. Draw from the bank the money which is hard to spare, say farewell to friends who think they know you and to the self you think you know, and hie you to the Conference that lies next and nearest, for there's something waiting there and waiting just for *you*, a little sleeping thing that must sleep on until *you* find its hiding place and know it for your own. No other soul in all the world can share *your* mystery. No human eye can see the light it sheds on toil and weakness and life's commonplace. Oh, we may talk of many things, but never words for this; though sometimes looking in your face I know the Presence is so close that mine leaps up to answer!

Not for luxury of an hour's joy, but for strength through all the years to come, did Mary sit at the feet of Jesus that day in Bethany. So if you leave "much serving" for a time and come apart where Christ is lifted up, His hand will draw aside the veil behind which lies that vivid glimpse of God—*Your "Vision."*

Down from the mountain-top we say we go to live again our lowly, hedged-in lives. Yet nevermore can mountains shut us in. For at their summit we have seen the world stretch out beyond, and overhead the mighty sweep of heaven, and in that Greater Universe our souls must play their part eternally.

NEW YORK. *Grace Rogers Walker.*

WAYS OF WORKING

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In our small town I find that the local newspaper is very glad to print occasionally a carefully chosen extract from WOMAN'S WORK, especially if it has any bearing on a "timely" topic. In sending these I always give the whole title of the magazine and mention by whom it is published. It is a good advertisement for our work as well as for the magazine. Our church is planning to have a bulletin board in the vestibule, and I hope frequently to post there, attached by thumb-tacks, a copy of the latest issue—so attractive in its artistic new cover."

THIS suggestive chart, prepared by a vice-president of the Northwest Board, Mrs. W. S. Candee, for her own auxiliary in Evanston First Church, hangs on the wall of the Assembly Room at Chicago Headquarters:

To every one her work. What is yours?
Belong to a study class?
Take subscriptions?
Make charts?
Sing? Pray? Encourage?
Make calls? Get new members?
Circulate literature?
Make programmes?
Take part in programmes?
Read books? Tell stories?
Write letters?

THE JANUARY Conference on Unity and Co-operation in Foreign Missionary Work was of extraordinary interest and value. The large attendance represented nearly all Boards of the United States and Canada. Carefully prepared papers were given by such authorities as the Rev. John F. Goucher, D.D.; Randolph T. Shields, M.D.; the Rev. Charles R. Watson, D.D.; Prof. Johannes Warneck, D.D.; John R. Mott, LL.D.; Robert E. Speer, D.D.; the Rev. James L. Barton, D.D.; the Rt. Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D.D.; the Rev. Robert P. Mackay, D.D.; the Hon. Seth Low, LL.D.; Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, etc. These papers will constitute the most varied and thorough discussion of the question of unity and co-operation in missionary work that can be found anywhere, and no missionary worker or friend of missions can afford to miss it. The papers are soon to be published in a pamphlet which will also give the substance of the discussions which followed them. The pamphlet will be sold at cost; it may be obtained at 20 cents per copy postpaid, or $15.00 per hundred, from Literature Department, Room 903, 156 Fifth Ave., New York. As the type will be distributed as soon as the first edition is printed, it is necessary that orders be sent in immediately.

OVER SEA AND LAND has, from March, 1913, to March, 1914, the fiscal year, made a valiant fight to retain its old subscribers and to gain new ones. This has been done to a great extent by new subscriptions obtained from Sabbath-schools and through child subscribers. Secretaries of literature of our societies have in many sections failed to equal their last year's lists. The year's gain is 1,116 subscriptions. As the children are responsible for one thousand new subscriptions and the Sabbath-schools for approximately fourteen hundred, it seems that society work is weak somewhere. Where is the weakness and what the remedy? Every secretary now has the privilege of setting children to work for her, and should be able to double her list of new subscribers. The renewals of subscriptions taken by the children should be secured by the secretary. The position of secretary of literature is of vast importance; on her devolves the great work of spreading the mission news more thoroughly to interest the women and children of the Church. We thank those secretaries who have made special effort, and ask those who are puzzled as to their lack of success to write to the Editor, Room 1113, 156 Fifth Ave., New York., for hints and suggestions.

SUMMER REST FOR MISSIONARIES: The Presbyterian Association has at Chautauqua, N. Y., headquarters, assembly hall and a home for the free occupancy of home and foreign missionaries of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. Chautauqua season opens July second and closes August thirtieth. The management of the Presbyterian Home is in the hands of the Woman's Auxiliary, and applicants for rooms should write early to Mrs. J. N. Berry, Titusville, N. Y., forwarding a certificate from the secretary of the Board under which they are working.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

From Philadelphia

PRAYER-MEETING, May 19th. *Topics: Our Missionaries and their Families; Siam and Laos.*

THE corporation meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will be held in Westminster Hall, Witherspoon Building, Tuesday, May 5, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. All the women of our constituency have the privilege of voting at this meeting for officers for the ensuing year and a large attendance is desired.

S. P. Watters, Recording Secretary.

IN spite of unsettled business conditions, Ohio floods, and the extra demands of the China Fund, the Philadelphia Board's receipts in regular funds are over $3,000 ahead of last year. A total for this year's receipts of $182,535.28 in regular funds, and $34,578.07 in China Fund, is a record for which we may well be grateful. The total receipts in China Fund for the two years is $98,822.14.

AN unusual number of synodical and presbyterial officers have honored us by their presence during the month, and missionaries not a few. Rev. M. B. Palmer made Nan, the most isolated station in Laos, irresistibly attractive and the privilege, without vacation, of training his eighty boys immeasurably greater than that of begging in this country for a suitable building for those same boys. Miss Klein pleaded for one more nurse to share her responsibility in the large self-supporting hospital in Iloilo, P. I. Mrs. Landis and Miss London spoke for Japan and of their increasing joy in the spiritual growth of their pupils in college and school in Tokyo; Mrs. Pinney, as doctor's wife, assistant and missionary, gave us some idea how she had "filled in the chinks," and with what gratitude they return to Benito in August. As our leader, Mrs. Howell, said, "These prayer-meetings are suggestive, not exhaustive."

MRS. WILLIAM K. EDDY returns to Syria and to her missionary family and many friends there, after years spent in Wooster, Ohio, for the education of her children. We claim her as ours more than ever.

AGAIN we close our year with a shortage in subscriptions for WOMEN'S WORK, ninety-one less in our territory. Jubilee year set the mark high, but not too high for us to reach again; for the magazine grows and the society grows and missions grow apace. Secretaries of Literature, don't be discouraged! You have done well and next year brings a new opportunity.

As we use the *Year-Book of Prayer* let us also keep in remembrance daily until June, the annual meetings of our presbyterial societies, each one so important.

BIENNIAL ASSEMBLY, April 28–30, in Pittsburgh, will be reported in June number of WOMAN'S WORK.

LEAFLETS FOR THE MONTH: *Historical Sketch of Missions; Nan Inta* (A Hero); *A Faithful Follower,* each 2 cts.; *Wonder Stories; Siam Schools and Colleges; Hospitals in Siam and Laos,* each 3 cts.; *Boon Itt in Siam,* 5 cts.; *Question Book,* 5 cts.

☞ Do not send orders for leaflets, Year-Books or other literature to WOMAN'S WORK but to your own Headquarters.

From Chicago

Meetings at Room 48, 509 South Wabash Avenue, every Friday at ten A.M. Visitors welcome.

THE death of Mrs. S. H. Perry of Coldwater, Michigan, removes from our Board its oldest member. She was well past ninety. The announcement of her death followed closely the telegram of her accidental fall which caused a fracture of the hip. Mrs. Perry was an active member of the Northwest Board for many years. She held the office of Foreign Corresponding Secretary for India from 1875 to 1888, at which time she was elected Vice-president. After her removal to Michigan in 1902, she was made Honorary Vice-president. Mrs. Perry was a woman of strong convictions, staunch in her faith, always loyal and reliable. Many of her missionary correspondents in India were strengthened by her letters, and all were devotedly attached to her.

IT was found to be twenty-six years ago, long before her marriage, that an Indiana girl made the pledge for Tsinanfu station which has been faithfully kept for more than a quarter of a century. With interest thus aroused, the brief list of special objects in the First Annual Report is scanned to see what pledges made in 1871 are still listed in 1914, and there is the society in Danville, Illinois, First Church, still giving to Fiske Seminary, Urumia; that of Detroit First Church still giving to Mrs. Lucas of Allahabad, India (but she was not yet Mrs. Lucas when the gifts began); and that of Chicago Second Church, still supporting the girls' school, then just built, in Tabriz, Persia.

OF the many helpful talks given in Room 48, none was more practical than the lesson drawn by Mrs. Wm. Miles of Oak Park from Christ's words, "I will send him unto you," or that by Mrs. Cleland B. McAfee from the Golden Rule and the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Among others whose words helped were Miss Louise Vaughn of China and Mrs. C. E. Bradt.

MISS CHRISTINA J. BRASKAMP, care of Shun Chang and Co., Chefoo, China, asks for picture cards to use as rewards for attendance and for learning Bible verses in Sunday-school. Among others who still have use for such helps and send thanks for those that have been received are Miss Emma S. Boehne, Tsinanfu, Shantung, China, and Miss Harriet E. Pollard, Taiku (Korea), Chosen.

WE had the pleasure on Friday, March 13, of a greeting from Mrs. John H. Finley, Chairman of WOMAN'S WORK Committee, and member of the New York Board. Mrs. Finley closed with an appeal for the strengthening of our stakes at home by stronger bonds of Board unity. After the meeting, she was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Misses Skinner at their ancestral home on Rush Street.

SIAM AND LAOS LEAFLETS: *Boon Itt in Siam; Boon Itt—One of God's Own*, each 5 cts.; *The Coronation of a King; Open Doors in Laos; A Faithful Follower; Kania; A Road and a Song*, each 2 cts.; *Wonder Stories*, 3 cts.

OTHER LEAFLETS: *As it is To-day in India*, by Elizabeth Cole Fleming, 3 cts.; *The Story of Little Ming* (an impersonation).

From New York

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour.

MISS CORBETT, in an embroidered silk coat given her by a Chinese Princess, and Miss Tsuchi Hironaka in her native Japanese costume gave a touch of Oriental color to the meeting led by Mrs. Hatfield. Miss Corbett told entertainingly of the difficulties encountered in teaching music in the Women's College and of the successful choir which rewarded her labors: also of some court scenes to which she was admitted. Miss London, of the Joshi Gakuin, Tokyo, said that English classes were the great attraction in drawing young people to the schools. She also appealed for more kindergartens. Miss Hironaka, whose picture and article appear in the March number of WOMAN'S WORK, told of her early ambitions, her struggle to have God in the depths of her heart and her happiness in the Bible Training School in New York. Mrs. Ballagh of Tokyo and Mrs. Cochran of Hwai Yuen, China, gave us a few words of greeting.

AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL CONFERENCE for Young Women was held at the Marble Collegiate Church in New York on Saturday afternoon, February 28th. Invitations to the Conference were issued by those interested in young women's work of the Boards of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America, while nearly all denominations were represented on the Conference Committee. There was an attendance of at least one thousand young women, among whom were many Presbyterians. One society in Newark, New Jersey, sent ten of its members. The programme consisted of an address by Dr. Speer on "The Task of the Church," followed by an open conference conducted by Miss Louise Holmquist, the subject being, "How to Interest Young Women in Missions."

WE are happy to report three new Young Women's Societies; one at Pultenc in Steuben Presbytery, a King's Daughters; one at Mill Grove, Buffalo Presbytery; and one, the New Era Missionary Society, in the Brick Church of Rochester. An auxiliary has also been organized in the Hunt's Point Presbyterian Church of New York City, Mrs. Wm. Randall, president.

LAST summer an appeal from Mrs. J. A. Hall of Iloilo, Philippine Islands, was published in this column asking for cards to give the children at Christmas. It called forth a generous response and thousands of postal cards, some used and some unused, small dolls, handkerchiefs and quite a variety of things were sent. A recent letter from Mrs. Hall tells of the enthusiastic reception of the box before Christmas and her desire that each one who had a part in it should receive her hearty thanks.

MRS. JOHN B. PREST has been appointed secretary for Young People's Societies and Westminister Guilds, to succeed Mrs. Collins. She reports that several new chapters have been organized. One local society has subscribed for copies of *Over Sea and Land* to be placed in the children's departments of three public libraries. A good idea and well worth adopting.

LEAFLETS ON SIAM AND LAOS: *A Faithful Follower; Nan Inta; Home Life*, each 2 cts.; *Historical Sketch*, 10 cts.; *Wonder Stories*, 3 cts. New publications: *As It Is in India, Shanti*, each 3 cts.; *America's Expenditures, A Missionary Exercise for Young Women*, 10 cts.; *"Go and Tell John," A Twentieth Century Message, A Sketch of Medical Work of the Board*, 15 cts.

☞Do not send orders for leaflets, Year-Books or other literature to WOMAN'S WORK but to your own Headquarters.

From St. Louis

Meetings first and third Tuesdays of each month at 10:30 A.M., Room 708, 816 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Visitors always cordially welcome.

ALTHOUGH the annual meeting of the Board will not be held until April 21st, the Treasurer has been able to report a banner year in our finances. Never before in the history of the Board have the books shown such an encouraging condition. This state extends to the China fund, which shows favorable signs of reaching the goal toward which we are striving.

ANOTHER cause for thankfulness developed when the Treasurer reported the receipt of a legacy of $500 by the will of a Texas woman, and the provision that, settlement of the estate so allowing, another $500 is to be added to this.

MRS. PHILLIPS of Arkansas, Mrs. Knott of Oklahoma, and Mrs. Thomas of New Mexico are to make visits through their respective states. This will add materially to the interest of the various annual meetings to be held.

NEW LEAFLETS: *Praying Hamm; Yes, Just Boys; The Hopefuls; Honest Labor Makes the Man; A Graduate*, all written by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. McCune of Korea, one cent per copy. *Story of Little Ming*, 3 cts.; *Shanti* (India), 3 cts.; *As it is To-Day in India*, by Elizabeth C. Fleming, 3 cts.; *A Chinese Helen Keller*, 2 cts.; *Twelve Suggested Programmes, based on the C. E. Topics for 1914*, 5 cts.; *America's Expenditures*, an exercise for young ladies, 10 cts. per copy; *Through North Japan on Runners*, 2 cts.; *A Theatre Meeting in Mombetsu*, 3 cts.; *Prayer and Gifts*, 5 cts.; The new text-book, *The Child in the Midst*, cloth, 50 cts., postage 8 cts.; paper, 30 cts., postage 6 cts.; Junior book, *Our World Family*, 25 cts., postage 4 cts.; *The Happiest Girl in Korea*, contains stories of child-life, excellent to use with the text-books Price 60 cts., postage extra.

From San Francisco

920 Sacramento St. Public meeting first Monday of each month at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session every third Monday. Prayer service first and third Monday from 12 till 12.30.

WHEN Mrs. Paul Raymond meets fifty women on Wednesday afternoons at 920 Sacramento St., she is helping fifty classes among all denominations in the study of missions. Her book, *The King's Business*, is full of practical suggestions for meeting the crises of to-day. Mrs. Elliot of the Congregational Board says, "At this critical time Mrs. Raymond has been raised up to write this book, and God has led her as truly as He inspired the author

of the book of Isaiah, or the writer of the Pauline Epistles." The price of the book is only 30 cts., paper cover, for which Miss Carrie Morton will fill orders.

Missionaries from the field who were heard throughout the land, from north to south, thrilled their audiences with their impassioned pleas. What is the mission of the Church but to proclaim Christ to all the world?

One hundred and fifty women and children from the Condit School, Oakland, came to the Chinese Church in San Francisco to hear Dr. A. A. Fulton of Canton, China, who spoke to them in their own tongue.

Dr. and Mrs. Lee have formed a woman's club in Chinatown, and their study-book is the Bible.

"The King's Daughters," Chinese, organized by Mrs. Condit, have contributed fifty-two dollars to the Occidental Board, while one of its members gives fifty dollars for the support of a child in the Mission Home.

Eleven young people of the First Church, Berkeley, Dr. L. A. MacAfee, minister, have recently appeared before Presbytery, and have been taken under its care as candidates for the ministry and the mission field. A live missionary church indeed.

At the March meeting of the Occidental Board Miss Strong, who has been a teacher in Korea, talked pleasantly about her work,—and read a letter from Mrs. Burnham who had arrived at Pyeng Yang, whither she went by request of Mrs. Charles Fish, mother of the lamented Mrs. Samuel Moffett, to direct the care of the motherless little ones. Her account of her journey and reception there was full of interest.

Letters from Mrs. W. W. Johnston of Tsinanfu, China, from Mrs. Glunz of the Philippines, also from Mrs. Hoskins of the Syria Mission, were read.

May is the month to study missions in Siam and Laos. Sad news is received from the Lakawn province of starving people. Thousands have no rice, and they have no harvest. It is pitiful when a people suffer from hunger.

Miss Belle Garrette will furnish leaflets on Siam and Laos. Address 920 Sacramento St.

From Portland, Oregon

Executive meeting at 10 A.M. on first Tuesday each month, and popular meeting on third Tuesday at 2.30 P.M. in First Church. Literature obtained from Miss Abby S. Lamherson 454 Alder St., Portland.

As we write (March 20th), plans for presbyterial meetings are taking form, and Board officers will attend some of these. Mrs. Milligan goes to Boise and Willamette; Mrs. Goss to Walla Walla; Mrs. C. W. Hays to Southern Oregon Presbytery,—and a number of our vice-presidents to other presbyteries. We hope to have a symposium report of all our presbyterial meetings in the June magazine.

We seldom nowadays have occasion to mention Chinese Rescue Work in our territory, so thorough was the work done by Mrs. W. S. Holt and others up to a few years ago, but in February last, a Chinese girl was rescued from her unscrupulous father by Seattle workers, with the aid of the courts, and sent to the Chinese Home in San Francisco, where her board and expenses will be paid by Seattle mission workers.

Rev. Lyle J. Beebe of Chieng Rai, Laos, is spending a couple of months with his sister in Portland, and by addresses in various towns is adding to our interest in the work among the Laos. Our beloved Ruth Shewbridge, called to the Higher Service within the year, was his wife.

The following appeal was printed in Woman's Work a year ago, and Mrs. Douglas writes that quite a number of little parcels came to her by mail from all over the United States, and added interest and attendance to what the girls call their "Art School." These contributions have all been used and she could use a new lot to equally good advantage. Many will be glad to respond to a second request. "Every Wednesday afternoon more than fifty girls crowd our floor for the school where we teach sewing, crochet and drawn-work. After two hours of sewing a Gospel service is held. My original idea was to gather girls of the poorer classes and enable them to earn their living, but most of the girls now come from wealthy families, eager to learn modern accomplishments. I have wished so much that kind friends would send us, by mail, a few little pieces of stamped work with necessary embroidery cotton to encourage the sewing-classes, for it is impossible to get any material here.

"(*Mrs.*) *Eva Ballis Douglas.*

"Teheran, Persia, viz Berlin and Baku, care of American Mission."

A great effort is to be made this year to have the Christian Endeavor mission study and work more interesting and practical.

Leaflets for the month: *Seventy-fifth Anniversary Series—Siam and Laos; The Call to Siam and Laos; The Open Door in Siam; A Faithful Follower; A Road and a Song,* 2 cts. each; *Wonder Stories,* 3 cts.

☞Do not send orders for leaflets, Year-Books or other literature to Woman's Work but to your own Headquarters.

NEW SOCIETIES

INDIANA
Cayuga.

NEBRASKA
Cedar Rapids.
Gothenburg, Y.P.S.C.E.

NEW YORK
Mill Grove, Y. W. S.
New York, Hunt's Pt. Ch. Auxiliary.
Pultene, Y. W. S.
Rochester, Brick Ch., Y. W. S. "New Era Soc'y."

RECEIPTS TO MARCH 15, 1914

By totals from Presbyterial Societies

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

Athens,	$280.00	Beaver,	$546.00	Blairsville,	$1,285.50	Carlisle,	$3,094.90
Baltimore,	255.46	Birmingham,	102.46	Butler,	1,752.56	Catawba	11.25

CHESTER,	$1,701.07	LACKAWANNA,	$2,916.78	REDSTONE,	$1,834.45	WEST JERSEY,	$1,608.96
CHILLICOTHE,	625.84	LEHIGH,	1,494.47	ST. CLAIRSVILLE,	1,552.78	WESTMINSTER,	869.65
CINCINNATI,	2,150.69	LIMA,	368.50	SHENANOO,	900.50	WEST TENNESSEE,	169.59
CLABION,	1,893.11	MCMINNVILLE,	88.55	SOUTHERN VIRGINIA.	70.00	WHEELING,	1,081.55
CLEVELAND,	1,209.17	MAHONING,	1,137.98	STEUBENVILLE,	1,763.09	WOOSTER,	1,058.31
COLUMBIA,	99.26	MARION,	1,148.11	UNION,	201.05	YADKIN,	11.00
COLUMBUS,	1,358.04	MAUMEE,	577.10	WASHINGTON, Pa.,	1,886.51	ZANESVILLE,	716.00
COOKVILLE,	7.00	MONMOUTH,	1,295.00	WASHINGTON CITY,	2,523.10	Miscellaneous,	7,402.71
DAYTON,	2,755.20	NASHVILLE,	400.00	WELLSBORO,	90.28		
ELIZABETH,	3,313 54	NEW BRUNSWICK,	2,028.74				
ERIE,	4,313.48	NEW CASTLE,	1,406.08				
FLORIDA,	66.00	NEWTON,	767.01				
FRENCH BROAD,	259.17	NORTHUMBERLAND,	2,164.43				
GADSDEN,	1.00	OXFORD,	33.95				
GRAFTON,	363.50	PARKERSBURG,	124.00				
HOLSTON,	61.80	PHILADELPHIA,	10,011.40				
HUNTINODON,	3,185.80	PHILADELPHIA NORTH,	6,302.46				
HUNTSVILLE,	126.75						
HURON,	251.25	PITTSBURGH,	10,435.53				
KITTANNING,	571.60	PORTSMOUTH,	403.14				

Receipts from Feb. 15th to March 15th,
Regular, $85,975.99
New China Fund, 12,518.17 $98,494.16
Total Regular receipts for year, $182,535.28
Total New China Fund for year, 34,578.07 $217,113.35
Special Gifts to Missionaries, 254.00
Laos Relief Fund, 5.00

(MISS) SARAH W. CATTELL, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest

ABERDEEN,	$425.00	FARGO,	$88.75	MILWAUKEE,	$794.50	RED RIVER,	$78.00
ADAMS,	82.95	FLINT,	238.50	MINNEAPOLIS,	2,229.68	ROCK RIVER,	955.00
ALTON,	469.87	FORT DODGE,	547.01	MINNEWAUKON,	107.10	RUSHVILLE,	700.50
BISMARCK,	25.00	FORT WAYNE,	1,217.00	MINOT,	11.15	SAOINAW,	1,225.54
BLACK HILLS,	26.00	FREEPORT,	790.54	MONROE,	136.00	ST. CLOUD,	117.70
BLOOMINGTON,	1,887.52	GRAND RAPIDS,	223.00	MOUSE RIVER,	67.38	ST. PAUL,	1,370.38
BOULDER,	547.64	GREAT FALLS,	51.00	MUNCIE,	656.90	SHERIDAN,	30.20
BOX BUTTE,	64.50	GUNNISON,	55.00	NERRASKA CITY,	871.10	SIOUX CITY,	704.35
BUTTE,	172.85	HELENA,	126.60	NEW ALBANY,	475.90	SPRINGFIELD,	1,240.00
CAIRO,	244.25	INDIANA,	651.52	NIOBRARA,	221.95	WATERLOO,	576.75
CEDAR RAPIDS,	903.00	INDIANAPOLIS,	2,437.16	OAKES,	81.20	WHITEWATER,	661.48
CENTRAL DAKOTA,	213.00	IOWA,	814.83	OMAHA,	730.75	WINNEBAOO,	498.80
CHEYENNE,	11.00	IOWA CITY,	608.35	OTTAWA,	686.00	WINONA,	330.66
CHICAGO,	11,163.33	KALAMAZOO,	227.68	PEMBINA,	271.65	YELLOWSTONE,	82.00
CHIPPEWA,	249.75	KALISPELL,	36.00	PEORIA,	942.00	Miscellaneous,	7,992.28
CORNINO,	581.45	KEARNEY,	349.00	PETOSKEY,	94.60		
COUNCIL BLUFFS,	226.00	LA CROSSE,	99.04				
CRAWFORDSVILLE,	1,269.73	LOGANSPORT,	855.82				
DENVER,	1,033.00	LAKE SUPERIOR,	425.00				
DES MOINES,	833.50	LANSING,	227.25				
DETROIT,	5,077.13	LARAMIE,	23.00				
DUBUQUE,	453.30	MADISON,	308.00				
DULUTH,	618 00	MANKATO,	281.62				
EWING,	373.48	MATTOON,	705.85				

Total for month (including China Fund—$12,414.26), $63,280.27
Total from March 15th (including China Fund—$35,057.83, and Special China Fund—$5,521.00), 173,754.15

(MRS.) THOS. E. D. BRADLEY, *Treas.*,
Room 48, 509 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

ALBANY,	$2,596.50	LOGAN,	$126.50	STEUBEN,	$573.00	WESTCHESTER,	$1,671.33
BINGHAMTON,	764.06	LONG ISLAND,	575.21	SYRACUSE,	908.00	INTEREST,	393.87
BOSTON,	544 30	LOUISVILLE,	271.00	TRANSYLVANIA,	353.60	LEGACIES,	5,160.00
BROOKLYN,	2,529.38	LYONS,	310.89	TROY,	1,658.22	Miscellaneous,	74.00
BUFFALO,	2,820.61	MORRIS & ORANOE,	3,146.00	UTICA,	1,852.05		
CAYUGA,	601.75	NASSAU,	423.00				
CHAMPLAIN,	423.80	NEWARK,	5,456.20				
CHEMUNO,	349.10	NEWBURYPORT,	97.00				
COLUMBIA,	578.00	NEW YORK,	8,995.38				
CONNECTICUT VALLEY,	668.75	NIAGARA,	629.30				
EAST PERSIA,	59.62	NORTH RIVER,	358.60				
EBENEZER,	338.41	OTSEOO.	242.00				
GENESEE,	571.33	PRINCETON,	65.00				
GENEVA,	453.92	PROVIDENCE,	98.20				
HUDSON,	556.25	ROCHESTER,	1,552.93				
JERSEY CITY,	1,243.85	ST. LAWRENCE,	730.70				

Receipts from Feb. 15th to March 15th,
Regular, $40,230.70
New China Fund, 10,590.91 $50,821.61
Total since March 15th, 1913,
Regular, $128,087.36
New China Fund, 23,734.49
Endowment, 50,000.00 $201,771.85

(MISS) HENRIETTA W. HUDDARD, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Women's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

ABILENE,	$42.36	HOBART,	$30.00	PARIS,	$94.40	ST. JOSEPH,	$290.72
ARDMORE,	69.00	HOUSTON,	48.75	PECOS VALLEY,	58.00	ST. LOUIS,	2,087.38
ARKANSAS,	50.75	IRON MT.	70.00	RIO GRANDE,	75.90	TOPEKA,	655.00
AUSTIN,	8.00	JONESBORO,	16.75	SALT RIVER,	178.70	TULSA,	194.95
BROWNWOOD,	18.50	KANSAS CITY,	836.30	SANTA FE,	39.65	WACO,	264.40
CABTHAOE,	449.75	KIRKSVILLE,	366.75	SEDALIA,	301.50	WICHITA,	514.70
CIMARRON,	96.51	LARNED,	212.75	SOLOMON,	487.00	Miscellaneous,	47.77
CHOCTAW,	5.00	LITTLE ROCK,	2.50				
DALLAS,	630.30	MCALESTER,	1.00				
EL PASO,	5.50	MCGEE,	202.60				
EL RENO,	71.00	MUSKOGEE,	99.00				
EMPORIA,	312.30	NEOSHO,	633.00				
FT. SMITH,	130.00	OKLAHOMA,	421.47				
FT. WORTH,	115.00	OSBORNE,	118.70				
HIGHLAND,	246.40	OZARK,	235.51				

Total for March $10,830.52
Total for year, 30,879.41
China Fund for March, 4,299.56
China Fund for year, 8,218.26

MRS. WM. BURG, *Treas.*,
Per D. P.

Woman's North Pacific Presbyterian Board of Missions

ALASKA,	$30.00	PORTLAND,	$1,446.25	Total for Quarter,	$4,885.99
BELLINOHAM,	79.00	SEATTLE,	1,123.75		
BOISE,	143.40	SOUTHERN OREOON,	148.60	Total for year, (including New China Fund, $860.30),	12,250.85
CENT. WASHINGTON,	395.75	SPOKANE,	561.25		
COLUMBIA RIVER,	55.00	TWIN FALLS,	43.20		
GRANDE RONDE,	73.50	WALLA WALLA,	109.75		
KENDALL,	7.00	WENATCHEE,	68.00		
OLYMPIA,	202.00	WILLAMETTE,	379.55		
PENDLETON,	19.99				

MRS. JOHN W. GOSS, *Treas.*,
324 East 21st St., North,
Portland, Oregon.

DATE DUE

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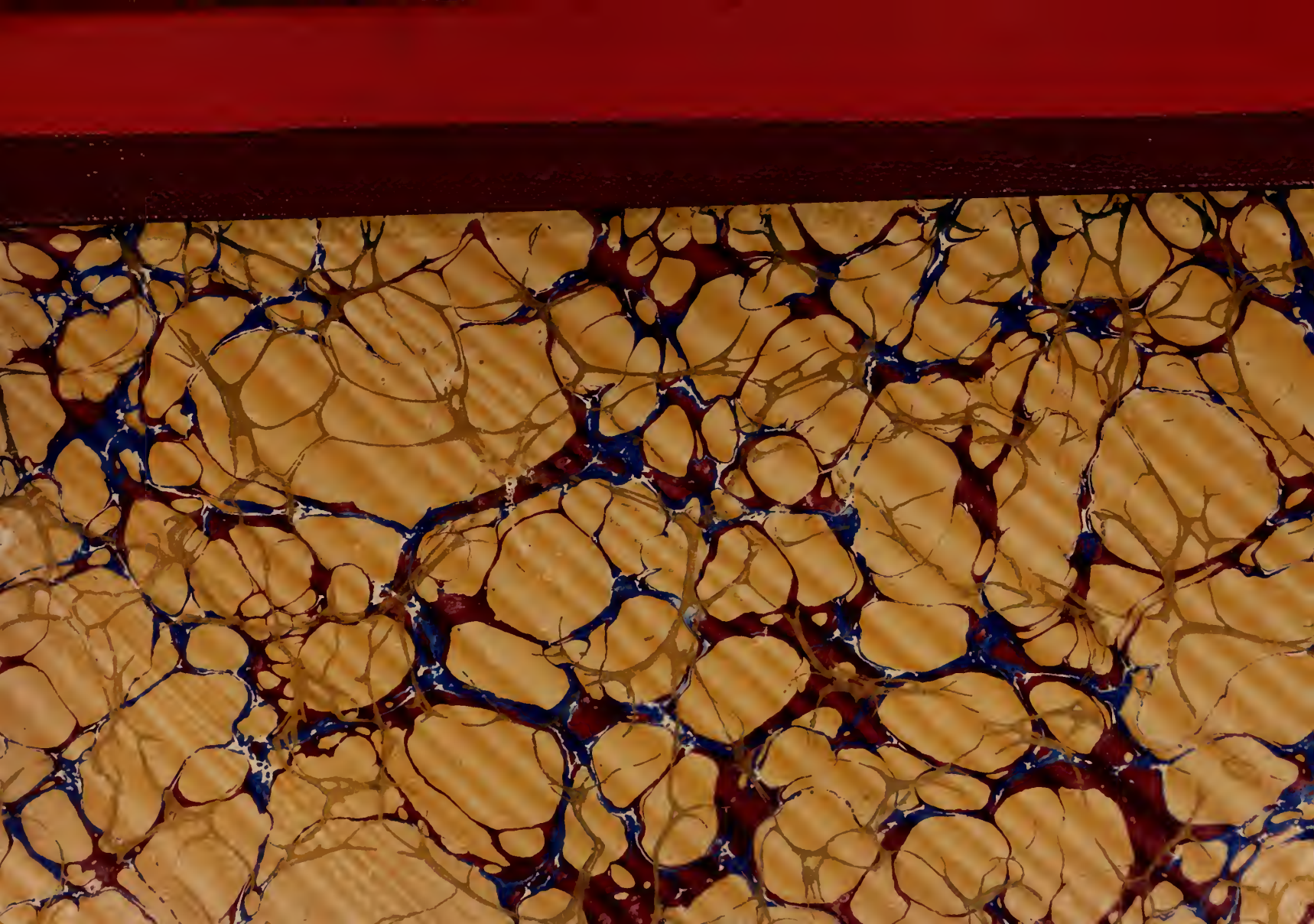
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